

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A., *Scot.*

No. LXXXIX.

MARCH 1883.

VOL. VIII.

THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

BY J. G. MACKAY.

I.—CLAN TARTANS.

Oh, first of garbs, garment of happy fate!
So long employed, of such an antique date;
Look back some thousand years till records fail,
And lose themselves in some romantic tale;
We'll find our god-like fathers nobly scorned
To be by any other dress adorned.--ALLAN RAMSAY.

THERE is nothing which so much distinguished the Highlanders of Scotland as their very picturesque costume, which has been for so many ages peculiar to themselves. That the Highland garb is very ancient there cannot be the slightest doubt, though some writers affect to believe that it is of modern invention.

We can gather sufficient from the works of ancient writers to prove that tartans were worn in the Highlands at a very remote period, but their knowledge of the language and customs of the people was so very meagre that they could hardly be expected to be very minute in their descriptions. The art of dyeing was known among the Celts at a very early period. Diodorus Siculus, who wrote A.D. 230, says that the Gauls "wore coats stained with various colours." In our own country, in the Druidical times, the Ard-righ had seven different colours in his dress, the Druidical tunic had six, and that of the nobles or maormors had four.

There cannot be any doubt but tartans originated from these costumes, and came to be divided into distinctive patterns so soon as the people began to be divided into clans. The tartans themselves give the best possible proof of this, for by taking the set of any sect or group of clans of the same stock, we find a very great resemblance in the design. In almost every instance they have all been formed from the pattern worn by the progenitor of the sect. This is very noticeable in that of the descendants of the Lord of the Isles, viz., Macdonalds, Macdougalls, Macalisters, and Macintyres. The various branches of the *Clann Chatain*, viz., Mackintoshes, Macphersons, Macbeans, Macgillivrays, Macqueens, etc., etc. The Siol Alpein, viz., Macgregors, Macquarries, Grants, Macnabs, Mackinnons, and Macphees; the descendants of Connachar, viz., Mackays, Forbeses, and Urquharts; the clan Andrias, viz., Rosses, Macraes, Mathesons, and several others.

The fact of these clans having adopted patterns so very much after the same design proves most conclusively that their various tartans were invented at the time of the formation of the clans. Many of them lived at a great distance, and had very little communication with each other. Each branch of a clan, as it asserted its own independence, added a few lines of other colours to the tartan of the parent stock, to make a distinction for itself, but kept enough of the original design to show the relationship. This same system is seen very distinctly in the armorial bearings; while each clan has devices representing events in its own history, the family relationship is shown by some emblems relating to their common ancestors: thus, the different branches of the *Clann Chatain* have the cat, either as a crest or a device, on their shield. The Macdonalds, Macdougalls, and Macalisters have each the lamh-dhearg and the galley. The Mackays, Urquharts, and Forbeses have three boars' heads muzzled on their shield.

Besides this very strong circumstantial evidence, we have the testimony of Martin* and several others to prove that tartans were worn, as distinctive clan patterns, at a very remote period. Martin says:—

"The Plad, wore only by the Men, is made of fine Wool, the Thred as fine as can be made of that kind; it consists of divers colours, and there is a great deal of Ingenuity required in sorting the Colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy.

* Martin's tour to the Western Isles, 1692; pub. in London. 1702.

"For this reason the Women are at great pains, first to give an exact Pattern to the Plaid upon a piece of Wood, having the number of every Thred of the stripe on it.

"Every Isle differs from each other in their fancy of making Plads, as to the Stripes in Breadth and Colours. This Humour is as different thro' the main Land of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places, are able at the first view of a Man's Plad to guess the Place of his Residence."

Beague, in his history of the Campaigns in Scotland in 1548-1549, printed in Paris 1556, states "they (the Scotch army) were followed by the Highlanders, and these last go almost naked, they have painted waistcoats and a sort of woollen covering, *variously coloured*."

As the Author wrote in French, it is not likely he understood the terms tartan, plaid, or kilt, and to him the Highlanders would have all the appearance of going almost naked, and the fancy colouring of the tartan would look as if it were painted.

The author of "Certayne Matters Concerning Scotland," 1597, says, "that the Highlanders delight much in marbled clothes, specially that has long stripes of sundrie colours; their predecessors used short mantles of divers colours, sundrie ways devided."

In the accounts of John, Bishop of Glasgow, treasurer to King James III. 1471, the following items occur:—

Ane elne and ane halve of blue Tartane, to lyne his				
gowne of cloth of gold	£1 10 0
Four elne and ane halve of Tartane for a sparwort				
about his credill, price ane elne, 10s.	2 5 0
Halve ane elne of doble Tartane to-lyne ridin collars to				
her ladye the Quene, price	0 8 0

Pinkerton, who viewed everything Celtic with a jaundiced eye, considered the Highland dress "beggarly effeminate, grossly indecent, and absurd, with the tasteless regularity and vulgar glare of the tartans."

The colours of the tartan are not more red or glaring than the Peer's robes, military uniforms, or the Royal livery, and yet, these are not considered vulgar. One of the most distinguished artists of his age, Mr West, President of the Royal Academy, differs from this opinion. He has expressed "his surprise at the blending and arranging of the colours, and considers that great

art—that is to say, much knowledge of the principles of colouring with pleasing effect has been displayed in the composition of several of the Clan tartans; regarding them in general, as specimens of natural taste, something analogous to the affecting but artless strains of the native music of Scotland.”

In “Eustace’s Classical Tour,” in treating of the various costumes of the European and Asiatic nations, he says regarding the Highland dress—“In one corner of Great Britain a dress is worn by which the two extremes are avoided. It has the easy folds of a drapery, which takes away from it the constrained and angular air of the ordinary habits, and is, at the same time sufficiently light and succinct to answer all the purposes of activity and ready motion.”

Such, then, are the opinions of men who are much more likely to be correct than spiteful writers like Pinkerton, and they cannot be said to be prejudiced either one way or another.

Tartans were divided into three classes—Clan, Dress, and Hunting. The dress was formed from the ground of the clan pattern by making the larger checks white; this was intended for women’s wear. The hunting was formed in the same manner, by making the larger checks green, brown, or some other dark colour, so as to make it serviceable for every-day wear, or, as its name implies, for hunting. George Buchanan says (1612)—“For the most part they are brown, near to the color of the hadder, to the effect that when they lie down amongst the hadder, the bright color of their plaids shall not bewray them.”

The cloth worn by the women was finer and lighter in the make; the checks were larger in the tartan; and the colours made brighter and more showy. The women took a great pride in the manufacture of their different fabrics, so that very great perfection was attained both in weaving and dyeing. There are examples to be seen at the present day of tartans woven more than a hundred years ago; and when we consider the primitive means that were at hand, it is very difficult for us to believe that our ancestors were such barbarous savages as some would have us to understand.

There was a great deal of taste displayed in getting up the various colours, so as to blend properly with each other. On account of the different arrangements of the various tartans, the

shades of colour are changed in many of them, some having a lighter blue, green, or red than others, and some a darker; while others have a shade of green or blue peculiar to themselves, such as the Mactavish, which has a remarkable green that we find in no other. The Mackay has also a peculiar shade of green; and the Macnab has a particular red, something like what is now called majenta.

The varying of the shades of colour depended upon the other colours with which they had to blend. Thus a green had to be brightened or deepened, according to the shade of blue, yellow, or red to be used with it.

Martin thus describes the dress worn by the women:—

“The ancient Dress wore by the Women, called Arisaid, is a white Plad, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red; it reached from the Neck to the Heels, and was tied before on the Breast with a Buckle of Silver, or Brass, according to the Quality of the Person.

“I have seen some of the former of an hundred Marks value; it was broad as an Ordinary Pewter Plate, the whole curiously engraven with various Animals, &c.

“There was a lesser Buckle, which was wore in the middle of the larger, and above two Ounces weight; it had in the Centre a large piece of Crystal, or some finer Stone, and this was set all round with several finer Stones of a lesser size.

“The Plad, being pleated all round, was tied with a Belt below the Breast. The Belt was of Leather, and several pieces of Silver intermixed with the Leather, Like a Chain.

“The lower end of the Belt was a Piece of Plate about eight inches long, and three in breadth, curiously engraven, the end which was adorned with fine Stones, or pieces of red Coral.”

“They wore Sleeves of Scarlet Cloth, clos'd at the end as Men's Vests, with Gold Lace round'em, having Plate buttons, set with fine Stones.

“The Head-dress was a fine Kerchief of Linan strait about the Head, hanging down the Back Taper-wise. A large lock of Hair hangs down their Checks above their Breast, the lower end tied with a Knot of Ribbands.”

It has been predicted “that the tasteless regularity and vulgar glare of the tartan would for ever prevent its adoption by genteel society.” How different the change of opinion! After all the vituperations of jealous and abusive writers, tartan is now recognised by the English themselves as the most graceful drapery in Europe. It is worn by her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, who seems to take a special pride in it; it adorns the ladies and courtiers who surround the throne; and not only does it appear to advantage at some of our most brilliant gatherings, but is exceedingly popular throughout the civilised world.

(To be continued.)

THE HONOURS OF SCOTLAND.

BY M. A. ROSE.



II.

ALTHOUGH Captain Ogilvie found himself obliged to surrender Dunnottar, he determined, if possible, to preserve the Honours from falling into the hands of the English. But the difficulty was, how to get them removed to a place of safety, when the castle was so closely besieged, that scarcely a mouse could escape without being seen; and hiding them inside the castle would be worse than useless, for they were almost sure to be found. Besides, he had no security but that the castle might be burnt, when his precious charge would be irretrievably lost. In this dilemma he did what most wise men do. He consulted his wife to see if her woman's wit could help him out of his difficulty. After some consideration, Mrs Ogilvie fixed upon a plan. She would herself arrange to get the Honours out of the castle and concealed in a place unknown to her husband, so that he could, when questioned, safely deny all knowledge of them. Ogilvie gladly agreed to this proposal, and his wife proceeded to carry out her scheme. The Rev. Mr Grainger, minister of Kinneff, and his wife, were intimate personal friends of Mrs Ogilvie, and she determined to seek their aid. Accordingly, she obtained permission from Colonel Thomas Morgan, the officer in command of the besieging force, for her friend, Mrs Grainger, to visit her for a few hours, and to take away with her a quantity of flax which she wanted spun. The two friends consulted together, and quickly arranged their plans, which, considering the shortness of time at their disposal, and the difficulties in their way, showed a good deal of ingenuity and courage on the part of the two worthy ladies.

Dunnottar Castle being unapproachable on horseback, there being a deep chasm between the castle gate and the mainland, Mrs Grainger had to dismount and leave her horse in the English camp. Colonel Morgan himself assisted her to alight, and gallantly led her up to the castle gate. After a long and anxious

consultation, the ladies concealed the Crown about Mrs Grainger's person, trusting that the long and full cloak she wore would effectively hide it. They then carefully packed the Sceptre and Sword in a large bundle of flax, which was placed on the back of a stout servant girl, who little dreamt of the importance or the value of her load. The belt belonging to the Sword of State Mrs Ogilvie kept, and carefully concealed it in the masonry of one of the walls of the castle; and when, long afterwards, it was taken from its strange hiding place, it was found so securely packed that it was none the worse.

It is very probable that Mrs Ogilvie kept the belt by her as a future proof that the Honours had been in their possession, and it is said that it is still preserved in the Ogilvie family.

When, her visit being ended, Mrs Grainger again made her appearance in the English camp, Colonel Morgan assisted her to her saddle, a courtesy the good lady would have gladly declined, if she could; for she trembled lest he should discover her momentous secret. She, however, managed to retain her composure, and thanking the Englishman for his attention, rode slowly away, followed by the girl carrying the bundle of flax; and in this very undignified manner the Honours of Scotland made their exit from the Castle of Dunnottar. On Mrs Grainger's arrival at home, her husband took charge of the Honours, and having carefully packed them up, he buried them inside his church.

Upon the English taking possession of Dunnottar, they demanded, according to the articles of agreement, that the Honours of Scotland should either be delivered up, or a satisfactory account given of where they were. Captain Ogilvie at once protested that they were not in the castle, and stoutly denied all knowledge of where they were concealed. Naturally enough this improbable statement was not believed. He was seized, and confined a close prisoner in the castle of which he had been so lately the commander. His wife was also imprisoned, and closely questioned, and it is said even threatened with torture; but she stood firm, always giving the same answer, namely, that she had delivered the Honours into the hands of the Earl Marshall, who had carried them abroad to Charles II. This account, though probable enough, did not satisfy the English officer, who detained her a close prisoner, and sent a party of soldiers to Barras House

to apprehend Captain Ogilvie's only son, William, thinking that, by punishing their son, they might prevail upon the parents to divulge their secret. Fortunately, however, the lad got timely notice of his danger, and escaped to some friends in Angus, where he remained for a long time concealed.

Captain Ogilvie and his wife were kept prisoners for a whole year, and treated with great harshness, a sentinel being always posted at the door of their apartment, and another in the room with them, in order, if possible, to pick up any hints of the secret from their conversation. The worthy couple, however, were not to be caught napping, always adhering, without the slightest prevarication, to the same story, so that, at last, their version of the affair was believed, and on the solicitations of numerous friends, General Dean consented to set them at liberty, on condition that they should not travel more than three miles from "their own house of Barras," and that they should render themselves again prisoners on demand, under a heavy bond, for which a friend, George Graham of Morphie, became cautioner. That they were kept under strict surveillance, is proved by the fact that some time afterwards they had to find additional security for their safety, in a new bond, dated 1st February 1653.

Some time after Mrs Ogilvie died, faithfully keeping her secret to the last, and Ogilvie himself lived under the same restraint until the Restoration; but, in spite of the vigilance of his enemies, he managed to keep up a regular correspondence with the minister of Kinneff, and each month sent clean linen cloths to Mr Grainger, with instructions to take the Honours up, and wrap them anew in fresh cloths to prevent them getting tarnished by their long concealment; all which instructions the rev. gentleman faithfully carried out.

At the Restoration, among the many claimants upon Royal recognition and gratitude, the Dowager Lady Keith, mother of the Earl Marshall, who was still abroad, presented a claim on behalf of her son as being the preserver of the Honours, without making any reference to the important share Captain Ogilvie and his wife had taken in the matter. On her representation, the King raised Sir John Keith to the peerage, with the title of Earl of Kintore, and granted him a pension for life. In the meantime Captain Ogilvie, finding himself likely to be over-

looked, and his services forgotten, sent his son William to London to present a petition to the King on his behalf, setting forth his version of the affair, and stating that he was the real preserver of the Honours. The King did not know how to decide between the two claimants, and consulted the Earl of Lauderdale, who, with his usual acuteness, argued thus: if Sir John Keith had preserved the Honours he would still have them in his possession; on the other hand, if Ogilvie's claim was just, he would be able to produce the Regalia, which would at once decide the matter. Accordingly Lauderdale sent the following letter to William Ogilvie in answer to his petition:—

“WHITEHALL, 28th September 1660.

“His Majesty ordains the petitioner's father to deliver his Crown, Sceptre, and Sword, to the Earl Marischal of Scotland, and to get his receipt of them.

(Signed) “LAUDERDAILL.”

On learning this, the Dowager Lady Keith endeavoured to persuade the Rev. Mr Grainger to deliver them up to her; but the minister stood firm to his trust, and would not give them up to anyone but Captain Ogilvie, who, being informed of her ladyship's attempt to bribe Mr Grainger, immediately went to the church, exhumed the Sceptre and carried it to his own house, at the same time taking the following acknowledgement from the faithful minister of Kinneff:—

“Whereas I have received a discharge from George Ogilvie of Barras of the Honours of this kingdom, and he hath got no more but the Sceptre: therefore I oblige myself, that the rest, viz., the Crown and Sword, shall be forthcoming at demand, by this my ticket. Written and subscribed this day I received the discharge, 28th September 1660.

(Signed) “M. J. GRAINGER.”

A few days afterwards Captain Ogilvie received a command from the King to deliver up the Honours to the Earl Marshall, which order Ogilvie at once obeyed, and got the following receipt written by the Earl Marshall's own hand:—

“At Dunottar, the 8th day of October 1660, I, William Earl Marischal, grants me to have received from George Ogilvie of Barras the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre, the ancient monuments of

this kingdom, entire and complete, in the same condition they were entrusted by me to him, and discharge the foresaid George Ogilvie of his receipt thereof, by this my subscription. Day and place foresaid.

(Signed) "MARISCHAL."

On getting this proof in corroboration of his petition, Captain Ogilvie journeyed to London and obtained an audience of the King, who received him very graciously; and, being fully convinced that he was indeed the real preserver of the Honours, created him a baronet by patent, dated at Whitehall, 5th March 1661, and granted him a new charter of the lands of Barras, in which document the services of himself and wife are fully acknowledged as the preservers of the Honours of Scotland.

After the death of Sir George Ogilvie, his son, Sir William, being annoyed at the account of the matter as published in Nisbet's "Book of Heraldry"—in which all the honour was given to the Earl of Kintore, while no notice was taken of Sir George Ogilvie's services—he, with the assistance of his son David, published a pamphlet in 1701, entitled "A True Account of the Preservation of the Regalia of Scotland, viz., Crown, Sword, and Sceptre, from falling into the hands of the English Usurpers. Be Sir George Ogilvie of Barras, Kt. and Baronet, with the Blazon of that Family."

The statements made in this pamphlet led, in 1702, to an action of libel before the Privy Council of Scotland, at the instance of John, Earl of Kintore, who contended that the late Sir George Ogilvie was only the deputy of the Earl Marshall in the matter; that it was the Dowager Lady Keith who had devised the method of getting the Honours out of Dunnottar, and that it was the stratagem of the Earl Marshall's writing home from Paris that he had the Honours in his keeping that lulled the suspicions of the English; and, in support of this, the pursuer produced, among several other documents, "ane receipt granted by Mr James Grainger, minister att Kinneff, to the Countess Marishall, beareing him to have in his custody, the Honours of the Kingdom, viz., the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword, and where the samen were absconded that the said Countess might have access thereto, dated the thirty-first day of March 1652," which is as follows:—

"I, Mr James Grainger, minister at Kinneff, grant me to

have in my custody the Honours of the Kingdom, viz., Crown, Sceptre, and Sword. For the Crown and Sceptre I raised the pavement-stone just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole, and layed down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been raised at all. The Sword again, at the west end of the church, amongst some common saits that stand there, I digged down in the ground betwixt the twa foremost of these saits, and laid it down within the case of it, and covered it up, as that removing the superfluous mould it could not be discerned by any body; and if it shall please God to call me by death before they be called for, your ladyship will find them in that place."

The Privy Council decided in the Earl's favour, and ordered the pamphlet to be burnt at the Cross by the hands of the common hangman, and sentenced David Ogilvie, as one of the defendants, to pay a fine of twelve hundred pounds Scots.

This sentence seems certainly to have been far too severe on the Ogilvies, for although it may have been quite true that the Earl Marshall and his mother were cognisant of the scheme, or even may have devised it, yet it is perfectly certain that Sir George and his wife were the chief actors, as well as the greatest sufferers, and, consequently, were entitled to the chief reward. As for the worthy minister of Kinneff, after the Restoration the thanks of the Committee of Estates were formally tendered to him, and a sum of two thousand merks presented to his wife, Christian Fletcher, "as a reward of her courageous loyalty."

At the time of the Union between England and Scotland, when the minds of the great mass of the people were agitated and indignant at what they considered a surrender of their national independence, the opposers of the Union, taking advantage of the popular feeling, circulated a report that the Honours were to be sent away to England, as a token of the complete subjection of Scotland as a nation. This statement, absurd and unfounded as it was, yet gained credence among the people, who gave utterance to their sentiments so plainly, that to allay their suspicions it was found necessary to insert a special clause in the Treaty of Union, to this effect, "That the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of

State, Records of Parliament, &c., continue to be kept as they are, within that part of the United Kingdom called Scotland; and that they shall so remain in all times coming, notwithstanding the Union."

On the 16th of January 1707, the Regalia made their last official appearance, the Sceptre being used to ratify the Treaty of Union, when the Chancellor, the Earl of Seafield, is reported to have said, as he handed it back to the clerk, with a scornful air, "There is an end of an auld sang."

After this, there being no Scottish Parliament, the duty of taking charge of the Honours devolved altogether on the Treasurer. The Earl Marshall in delivering them up for the last time, showed a very different feeling to the Earl of Seafield, and handed in a long protest that they should not be removed from the Castle of Edinburgh, without notice being given to him, or to his successor in title and office.

The now useless Honours were packed away in a large oak chest, fastened with three keys, and deposited in the Crown Room of Edinburgh Castle, a strong vaulted room, which was immediately securely locked and barred.

For a long time rumours were rife among the populace that the Regalia were either destroyed or conveyed into England, which impression was strengthened by their being no longer visible; but as time passed, and people began to discover the benefits of the Union, the feeling of irritation which at first existed gradually died out, and with it, the anxiety about the Honours. Thus, the venerable relics remained undisturbed, neglected, and forgotten, for the long period of a hundred and ten years, until people began to doubt of their existence. Only once, during that time, was the Crown Room entered; and that was in 1794, when, by special warrant under the Royal sign-manual, some Commissioners went in search of certain records which were supposed to be there. There was, however, nothing in the room except the strong oak chest, which the Commissioners had no authority to open. The apartment was again secured with additional fastenings, and the fate of the Honours remained as uncertain as ever. In 1817 George IV., then Prince Regent, ordered the room to be opened, and the chest examined, to see if the Regalia were really there. Among the officials entrusted

with this duty was Sir Walter Scott, then one of the Principal Clerks of Session, whose graphic description of the scene—of the emotion with which these long-lost-sight-of relics were regarded as they passed from hand to hand, and of the enthusiasm with which the news of their safety was received by the people of Edinburgh—is doubtless well known to the reader. Seeing the interest exhibited by all classes in their ancient National Regalia, the Prince Regent ordered that they should in future be placed in a position in which the public might have an opportunity of seeing them. They were accordingly given in charge of some of the Officers of State, and deposited for exhibition, duly protected from injury, and carefully guarded, in the Castle of Edinburgh, where they are now to be seen.

M. A. ROSE.

THE CROFTERS.—At a meeting of about 2500 people, held in Edinburgh, on the 7th of February, Mr Duncan Maclaren, ex-M.P., in the chair, the following resolutions were carried unanimously :—

Moved by the Rev. Dr BEGG, seconded by Mr D. H. MACFARLANE, M.P., and supported by Mr MILLAR of Scrabster—

I. That this meeting views with alarm the present condition of the Highlands of Scotland, and calls upon Government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the alleged grievances of the peasantry, and the extensive depopulation of fertile districts for purposes of sport.

Moved by Principal RAINY, seconded by Dr CARMENT, and supported by Dean of Guild MACKENZIE, Inverness—

II. That this meeting desires to impress on Government the urgent need existing for such reforms as the following, viz.:—Security to the crofters against capricious eviction and rack-renting; compensation for all value their industry may add to the soil, and inducement to extend their holdings by the reclamation of waste lands; as also the utilisation for productive purposes of the vast tracts of country at present under deer.

Moved by Professor BLACKIE—

III. That this Meeting, recognising the necessity at this juncture for united action on the part of all friends of the Highlands, heartily endorses the objects of the Edinburgh Highland Land Law Reform Association as follows, viz.:—(1.) To obtain for the Highland peasantry legislative security against capricious eviction and rack-renting, and to promote the amelioration of their condition generally. (2.) To collect information regarding the present extensive occupation of the Highlands by Deer Forests, and to agitate for a mitigation of this evil, and against further depopulation of productive districts for such purposes. (3.) To provide a basis for combined action in favour of such changes in the land laws as may be necessary to secure the foregoing objects—and recommends the formation of similar Associations throughout the country.

A SPRAY OF WHITE HEATHER.*

I lovingly greet thee, sweet spray of white heather!
 With a heartfelt emotion I would not conceal,
 Thou com'st from a friend true in shade and bright weather,
 Who in kindness is warm as in friendship she's leal.

Good fortune and luck aye attend me together,
 Is the wish you convey from the donor to me,
 Charmed emblem of both! bonnie spray of white heather,
 From the land of my fathers far over the sea.

Fair token, thou'rt chaste as the heart of the sender,
 Bringing fond recollections of life's early day,
 Of kin, friends, and country, and ties the most tender,
 Ere from kin, friends, and country I wandered away.

Good fortune and luck aye attend me together,
 Is the wish you convey from the donor to me,
 Charmed emblem of both! bonnie spray of white heather,
 From the land of my fathers far over the sea.

I never may see, pretty spray of white heather,
 Caledonia's loved glens and her mountains so grand;
 I may ne'er again with the dear ones foregather,
 But my blessings on them and my dear native land!

Good fortune and luck aye attend me together,
 Is the wish you convey from the donor to me,
 Charmed emblem of both! bonnie spray of white heather,
 From the land of my fathers far over the sea.

Thou gift of a friend! I will treasure thee dearly
 Till my journey shall end in that long peaceful rest;
 When some loving hand mine had oft pressed sincerely
 May with tenderness place thee, sweet spray, on my breast!

Good fortune and luck aye attend me together,
 Is the wish you convey from the donor to me,
 Charmed emblem of both! bonnie spray of white heather,
 From the land of my fathers far over the sea.

New York, September 1882.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

* Written on receiving a beautiful spray of heather from Mrs William Black, wife of the eminent novelist, and to whom the verses are inscribed with the esteem and gratitude of the author.

CELTIC DYES.

To give an account of the various ways in which the ancient Celts procured the dyes for their cloths and tartans, is necessarily, owing to the very scanty knowledge we have, a matter of extreme difficulty, but the following notes may prove interesting to the reader:—

YELLOW.—The bark of the crab-apple, and the leaves of the common birch-tree, both yielded a yellow dye, but the quality of that extracted from the latter tree was far surpassed by that of the dwarf birch. A decoction of the spotted arssmart with alum, or fir-club moss, which was the substitute for alum, the plant called bird's-foot trefoil, the green tops and flowers of heather, and the meadow saffron, were all used to dye different shades of yellow. St John's wort and alum, or club-moss, also produced a fine yellow, which was much used.

PURPLE.—This colour was obtained from the bilberry or blaeberry, and also from the crowberry boiled with alum or club-moss. The lichen called cudbear, or crotal geal, was extensively used for dying purple. The process of extracting the dye is thus described by Mr Cameron in his valuable work on *The Gaelic Names of Plants*:—"It (the lichen) is first dried in the sun, then pulverised and steeped, commonly in urine, and the vessel made air-tight. In this state it is suffered to remain for three weeks, when it is fit to be boiled in the yarn which it is to colour." The writer then proceeds—"In many Highland districts many of the peasants get their living by scraping off this lichen with an iron hoop, and sending it to the Glasgow market." In reviewing the above work, the *Northern Chronicle* says:—"Mr Cameron is mistaken in supposing that Highland peasants yet get their living by gathering the 'crotal corcur,' and sending it to the Glasgow market. The peace of 1815 put an end to that industry. The 'crotal' grows undisturbed on mountain stones, and the very scrapers, which were a generation ago to be found in most houses in the Highlands, have to some become puzzling curiosities." This crotal geal or corcur is, however, gathered and

extensively used to this day for dying the far-famed Gairloch hose, and any old Highland woman will tell you that the wearers of hose dyed with a decoction of this lichen are singularly exempted from having their feet inflamed or blistered with walking long distances.

RED OR SCARLET.—According to Logan, scarlet was extracted from the grain of a kind of bramble, called by the Celts, *us*; also from the hyacinth and the rue. The root of a plant, called the yellow bedstraw, also furnished a red dye. Lightfoot says:—"The Highlanders use the roots to dye red colour. Their manner of doing so is this:—The bark is stripped of the roots, in which bark the virtue principally lies. They then boil the roots thus stripped in water, to extract what little virtue remains in them, and after taking them out, they last of all put the bark into the liquor, and boil that and the yarn they intend to dye together, adding alum to fix the colour." A red colour was also obtained from the bark of the black thorn.

BLACK.—In almost all the black dyes, copperas was an essential constituent; thus, by boiling the bark of the alder with copperas, a magnificent black dye was the result; and by boiling the bark of the briar, and also that of the oak, with the same substance, black was produced. A deep black was extracted from the bark of the common willow.

BLUE.—This colour was generally obtained from woad. In reference to this plant, Mr Cameron writes as follows:—"The ancient Celts used to stain their bodies with a preparation from this plant. Its pale-blue hue was supposed to enhance their beauty, according to the fashion of the time." When woad was not obtainable, elecampane boiled with whortle-berries served the same purpose, and produced a bright blue colour.

CRIMSON was obtained from the hyacinth, the whortle-berry, and the corcur, or crotil geal (Logan).

BROWN was extracted from elder-berries, oak, white willow, and the crotal, a sort of lichen. H.

A number of the Glasgow business friends of Thomas Mackenzie, Esq., J.P. and merchant, Lochinver, presented him, on the occasion of his recent marriage, with a token of their high esteem and respect for him in the shape of silver plate.—*Daily Mail*, Jan'y. 22, 1883.

THE ETHICS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

II.

WHAT IS LAND?

IN every scientific inquiry the first prerequisite is to give a correct definition of the thing treated of, or, in other words, to predicate some attribute or quality which it implies. In this way land is defined by some political economists as a "natural monopoly," and now popularly spoken of as a monopoly. Those who are opposed to private property in land think it, no doubt, a good thing to have laid hold upon a bad name so as to stigmatise that of which they disapprove. This is a trick which is neither new nor far-sighted; for assuredly, sooner or later, Truth, although obscured and retarded, will in the end assert her claim to recognition and consent.

Let us not be carried away by the mere sound of words, but carefully consider and realise what the words mean. A monopoly is the exclusion of competition. It has reference to some article of commerce, or to some trade, such, for instance, as the trade of the East Indies under the old East India Company. It must be subject to one will, or to the mutual consent, or common concurrence, of a body of individuals, and cannot be maintained in trade unless protected and enforced by the exercise of sovereign authority. The trade of India was started by two companies—the Scotch and English—each holding a royal charter of monopoly; but, as is well known, competitions arose between them, and they found it necessary to amalgamate in order to establish a close monopoly. A monopoly cannot be maintained except by the power of some supreme authority. It is therefore a matter of human invention and political action. But land, or the rude materials of the earth, is not the produce of labour. To say that land is a *natural* monopoly is a contradiction in terms, and, therefore, an absurdity. Who is the monopoliser? It would be quite improper to say that the Author of nature is; for the object of monopoly is profit, and all His gifts are gratuitous.

In actual fact we find that competition does exist in land, whether held in freehold or leased out on hire, and those who decry private property in land give a decided advantage to their opponents in argument by maintaining a definition which is false and absurd. Indeed, so inconsistent are they that, in advocating a transfer of the land of the country to Government, they in fact advocate a Government monopoly, which is, however, a very intelligible and possibly beneficial monopoly.

It was Ricardo, the author of so much confusion in political economy, who introduced the term; and Stuart Mill, the god of the Socialists, by way of improving upon the false definition, qualified it by predicating of it that it was a "natural monopoly," and thereby made confusion worse confounded.

Mr Isaac L. Rice, in the *North American Review* for June last, writes as follows on this point:—

Ricardo, conscious of the error of designating landed property as a monopoly, terms this property a partial monopoly. But the phrase partial monopoly is a contradiction in terms. The word monopoly carries within itself the meaning that the entire species of property to which it is applied is controlled by a single will. The moment that one has only a partial control of a certain kind of property, there is no longer a monopoly. To say that a man who owns an acre of ground has a partial monopoly of all the evil of the country, is as barren of meaning as it is to say that a man who owns a coat has a partial monopoly of all the coats.

I am disposed to think that shallow theorists may have been led astray by an expression made use of by Adam Smith, who, in writing of the rent of land, said:—"The rent of land, therefore, considered as the price paid for the use of land, is *naturally* a monopoly price." But the reader will at once perceive that saying the rent of land is in the nature of a monopoly price is very different to saying that land itself is a natural monopoly. The philosophic mind of Adam Smith could not conceive such an absurdity.

After exposing this definition to the ridicule I have quoted, Mr Rice proceeds to define land as property. Does this remove our difficulty? By no means, for the question arises, What is property? I may further direct the mind of the reader to the expression which is so often misapplied, viz.:—"The sacred rights of property." As a matter of convenience, lawyers divide property into two classes—real and personal; but this is not a scientific definition. Property is a belonging, and by natural

instinct man in his rude state does not recognise any property as sacred except what has been appropriated by labour. The English language makes this broad distinction, for all unenclosed land is termed "common," as opposed to "sacred." Until lately hares and rabbits were "sacred" to landlords, but by natural instinct the casual killing of them with a stick or a stone was not regarded as a crime. Then, whatever is the produce of labour is a belonging, and whether in land or in moveable property is regarded as sacred to him who bestowed the labour, or paid the wages of labour to the labourer. Hence, it should follow, that property in land upon which no labour has been bestowed, is, by natural instinct, and by the English language, common property.

As to legal phraseology, is my ship not as much a property as my land and houses? Does the term property, or real property, predicate an attribute of land which is distinctive and descriptive of it, apart from other property? If not, we cannot accept it as a correct definition.

It will be admitted by everyone that the produce of labour is property. But land is not the produce of labour, but the gratuitous gift of God. Therefore, it is not property in the sense of the word which renders property sacred.

Then the question remains, What can we predicate as an attribute of land which may be accepted by all the world as a correct definition? That land is a natural agent no one can deny, and all natural agents have one attribute in common—that of possessing power. All natural agents are powers. Land is a natural agent. Therefore, *land is power*. To put the syllogism in a negative form: all natural agents are not monopolies, nor property. Land is a natural agent; therefore land is neither monopoly nor property. The reader will probably say, "You prove too much." No, indeed, I do not. I am perfectly consistent with my belief and principles. Labour is the only thing which has exchange value. The labour which has been incorporated with the soil is the only property which is sacred. The attributes of land, as power, are as gratuitous as the water that turns the mill-wheel, and the wind that fills the sail.

Seeing that I have exposed, as I hope with some degree of success, the fallacy and danger to truth of applying commercial terms as descriptive of land, our difficulty lies with the limited

range of our ideas and narrow capability of language to find one descriptive term for that which has no analogy within the cognisance of our conception. I think, however, that it is sufficient for all practical discourse to define land as *the originating and sustaining Power of Life*. Land is, therefore, not natural monopoly, but natural power.

No doubt the term power is one which covers a wide field, and is often loosely used and misapplied. Without entering into the metaphysical subject of discussing it, and as to how we form our idea regarding it, it is sufficient to define it both in its moral and physical sense as *that which sets in motion*. To say, then, that land is power is what no one can controvert, because (1) it sets life in motion and sustains it; (2) it is dominion, which conveys the notion of and implies power; and (3) its products set commerce in motion, which is the subject of economics. Further, monopoly, as we have seen, is indivisible, whilst power has the attribute of divisibility; and when I come to treat of Law I shall have occasion to refer to the piecemeal alienation and piecemeal aggregation law of Prussia, which, in its conception and application by the great Stein, was founded on the fundamental principles of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and on the ethics of Emmanuel Kant, whose leading idea of an ethic law was its universality—"Let your law be so founded in principles of justice as to be capable of universal application."

Land, as a natural agent, is not only immediate power, as, if I may so speak, the matrix upon which the other natural agents act, but is the expression of the will of a higher power (who set the worlds in motion) towards man, His rational creature, and greatest work of His hand. This is recognised by all the churches in observing a Thanksgiving-day for the harvest. How could the churches offer prayers and thanksgiving for the success of a monopoly! What is nature? What is man? What is God? These are questions which carry us to the Inner Temple of the soul, the consideration of which transcend, but ought to govern, ethics and economics alike.—

The earth belongs unto the Lord,
And all that it contains,
The world that is inhabited,
And all that there remains.

I am no Socialist in any bad sense of the term, but a British Constitutionalist. The land of every country belongs to the people of that country as a whole. The Crown is lord paramount of the soil, and, as such, the vicegerent of God the owner. Individual owners are mere occupiers. The position of British landlords is one of usurpation and appropriation of what does not belong to them, by exercising a taxing power, in their own right, which ought to appertain to the State alone.

The consideration of this subject naturally falls under the question—

WHAT IS VALUE?

No clear understanding can be obtained with regard to the nature and equities of rent without first guarding the reader against a misuse of the word value. Incalculable mischief arises from the misuse and misapplication of words, especially when the subject treated of partakes of the nature of abstract ideas in the province of science and philosophy. In connection with the study of the business of life no word has been more discussed and tortured. In its general meaning, and when loosely used, no great harm can arise, but its double meaning in political economy produces an illusion, and marks, as it were, a fugitive idea or notion which plays tricks with the imagination, and, like a phantom, eludes the grasp of the wondering enquirer.

On the very threshold of his enquiry Adam Smith cautioned the reader against this illusion, and as to the use of words generally he speaks as follows in one of his philosophical essays :—

A notion, as long as it is expressed in very general language, as long as it is not much rested upon, nor attempted to be very particularly and distinctly explained, passes easily enough through the indolent imagination accustomed to substitute words in the room of ideas.

Being aware of this, he cautioned the reader—and it was all the more necessary for him to do so, seeing that the groundwork of his system was to place value in human labour—as against the French economist, Quesnay, whose theory was then in vogue, and which proceeded on the idea that land was the source of wealth. Of course land is the source of life and of all things. Land and labour are the two necessities—the one gratuitous, the other onerous.

But as to the word value: J. R. Macculloch very well ex-

presses the difference between the two notions which are conveyed by it when applied to material objects :—

The word value has been very frequently employed to express, not only the exchangeable worth of a commodity, or its capacity of exchanging for other commodities, but also its utility or capacity of satisfying our wants, and of contributing to our comforts and enjoyments. But it is obvious that the utility of commodities—that the capacity of bread, for instance, to appease hunger, or of water to quench thirst—is a totally different and distinct quality from their capacity of exchanging for other commodities. Dr Smith perceived this difference, and showed the importance of carefully distinguishing between the utility, or, as he expressed it, the "*value in use*" of commodities and their value in exchange. But he did not always keep this distinction in view, and it has very often been lost sight of by subsequent writers. There can be no doubt, indeed, that the confounding together of these opposite qualities has been one of the principal causes of confusion and obscurity in which many branches of the science, not in themselves difficult, are still involved. When, for instance, we say that water is highly valuable, we unquestionably attach a very different meaning to the phrase from what we attach to it when we say that gold is valuable.

Here, the uninitiated reader will naturally ask—"But why is there so much importance attached to this distinction?" The logic of justice is a terrible weapon to evil-doers when carried to its ultimate conclusion. The injustice may be felt, but a flaw in the logic may, and very often does, amount to the escape of the culprit. If labour is the foundation and measure of all real exchange value, hence it should follow that all natural agents and products have no value in exchange, except what is imparted to them, or incorporated with them in human labour. But without giving any labour or service of his own, the landlord makes a charge in rent for that which has no value. He clearly gets something for nothing. Then the landlord, as such, must be a very uneconomic factor in the composition of values.

Although it is in connection with rent that the fundamental theory or law of value possesses its greatest, if not, indeed, all its practical importance, there are other phases of the discussion which seem to have landed the utilitarians, or those who place value in materiality, in a fog. For instance, Stuart Mill is of this number. Strangely enough, he postpones the discussion of the subject until he comes to consider of exchanges, after first treating of landed property and rent, as if the fundamental law of value were of secondary consideration, instead of being the very *essence* of the question; and Mr Fawcet, in his very excellent "*Manual of Political Economy*," follows the same arrangement

of his subject. These writers explain the phenomena of value, and call them laws of value, as, for instance, placing value in demand and supply. This is the same as if we were to say that the law of gravitation consisted in the perturbations in the orbits of the planets instead of illustrating and proving the law of gravitation by the phenomena of perturbations.

Another phase of the question is the contemplation of a general rise or fall in values. The suggestion of such a question indicates, as Adam Smith says, "an indolent imagination," for it is in the remuneration of labour that a change must take place before any change can take place in value. It is in the abundance or scarcity of nature that the rewards of labour consist; and money, the adopted standard, being a product of nature, its value consists, like every other value in exchange, not in any virtue inherent in it, but in the labour of the digger. Stuart Mill speaks of *price* as not being the same as value, but he uses the word value where he should use the word price, a mistake which Adam Smith never makes. Price is merely numbers expressing the equivalent demanded for the commodity, in whatever denomination it may happen to consist. In comparing values, it is money that has to be considered as a medium of exchange, standard, and equivalent. The abundance or scarcity in rewarding the common labourer regulates the amount of labour bestowed upon that industry, so that it finally resolves itself into labour for labour, at the average rewards of labour of ordinary workmen, just the same as one man may exchange a boll of meal with another man for a cran of herrings—the labour of the peasant for the labour of the fisherman. So the labour of the digger, with all other labours. Everything is measured by the labour of the common man. It will be a very interesting question for us to consider, later, how the products of nature are placed there, in proportion to the wants and necessities of men. It is sufficient to remark here that this is a line of thought which the school of "indolent imagination" was not in the habit of pursuing.

The school represented by Malthus, Ricardo, and the Mills, has dominated political economy, and practically superseded and perverted Adam Smith's great work by placing value in utility, and thereby rendered the science unintelligible, because illogical. Stuart Mill, who is now regarded as the greatest

authority on the subject, consistently enough with his utility theory, always speaks of value as relative.

Now, in practical experience, we know that the value of labour is brought to a standard, and is therefore comparative. It is the "use" of things which is relative to our wants and desires, and relative to one another in regard to the degree in which they satisfy these. But, to show that Stuart Mill was landed in a fog, it is only necessary to compare his confidence with his own admitted failure, and then the reader may estimate the *relative* values of the "Wealth of Nations," and John Stuart Mill's "Principles of Political Economy".—

"Happily," says he, "there is nothing in the laws of value which remains for the present or any future writer to clear up; the theory of the subject is complete; the only difficulty to be overcome is that of so stating it as to solve by anticipation the chief perplexities which occur in applying it: and to do this, some minuteness of exposition, and considerable demands on the patience of the reader, are unavoidable. He will be amply repaid, however (if a stranger to these inquiries), by the ease and rapidity with which a thorough understanding of this subject will enable him to fathom most of the remaining questions of political economy."

To any one who has read the "Wealth of Nations," or even left the precincts of the nursery, this must seem more like the speech of a showman or a clairvoyant than an appropriate introduction to a practical subject. I do not wish to tax the patience of the reader by making him wade through the deeps and shallows of sophistries and "perplexities," but simply invite him to compare this confident tone with the result. In a summary of these expositions the following wonderful admissions of failure are made:—

We have now attained a favourable point for looking back, and taking a simultaneous view of the space which we have traversed since the commencement of this book. The following are the principles of the theory of value, *so far as we have yet ascertained them.*

The closing sentence to this summary is to the same effect.—

The further adaptation of the theory of value to the varieties of existing or possible industrial systems *may be left with great advantage to the intelligent reader.* It is well said by Montesquieu, "It is not always advisable so completely to exhaust a subject, as to leave nothing to be done by the reader. The important thing is *not to be read*, but to excite the reader to thought."

Strange performance for an unread book!

In case it may be thought that these criticisms proceed from some acerbity of disposition, or from some vain passion for dis-

play, instead of from an honest desire to arrive at a correct conception of truth, I must delay the reader for a little longer in order to point out how a *wordy* dialectician got entangled in the meshes of a network of false theories and inappropriate terms.

Of this I am certain, that there is *a law* of value, as certain as the law of gravitation, by which to demonstrate all the phenomena of economic life.

The word value is the key-note of political economy, from which to produce the full diapason of sweet sounds, but Stuart Mill has been playing dissonance, inasmuch as he tried to discourse sweet music by simultaneously thrumming on different scales.

Let the reader reflect on the absurdity of supposing different laws of gravitation in one system, and then he will be able to realise the ignorance and confusion displayed in contemplating different laws of value. Like the attempt of the ancients to understand astronomy on the theory of cycles and epicycles, it is so with intelligent readers to understand the political economy of the school of indolent imagination, as demonstrated by Stuart Mill. To illustrate this idea further, let us suppose labour, *in a state of freedom and liberty*, to be embodied, and moving in its orbit like, say, Jupiter. Demand and supply acts upon it, as does the attraction of interior and exterior planets upon Jupiter, which accounts for the phenomena of perturbations, as demand and supply do for the rise and fall of *prices*. *

But the generic idea of value appertains to a mental perception or law of human thought as to justice and fair dealing, which is primary and fundamental, and thereby giving it the unity and character of law.

Now, every one must know that it is abundance or scarcity that regulates the *price* of commodities. It is nature that rewards, and the fruits of earth and sea are her gratuitous gifts. The extent to which she responds to human labour regulates the rewards of primary labour, which sets all labour in motion. Hence, it should follow that the greater the abundance wrested from nature, the greater will be the wealth and comfort of all. For instance, the price of corn depends upon the abundance or scarcity of the harvest. It is so also with regard to the herring fishing, the cotton crop, the supply of wool and hides, fruit and hops, iron ore and coal, gold and silver, diamonds and rubies,

and so on. The prosecution of these industries, and of all other industries, depends upon finding *an outlet*, and thus we find the eagerness with which producers search for new markets for their commodities. But, by an inversion, Stuart Mill says that demand *precedes* and creates supply. This gives a poor account of the enterprise of the British merchant. He also confounds the action of demand and supply with that of abundance and scarcity. Not to burden the sequence of my argument, I shall give only one example.—

"The supply of a commodity," he says, "is an intelligible expression: it means the quantity offered for sale; the quantity that is to be had at a given time and place by those who wish to purchase it. But what is meant by the demand? Not the mere desire for a commodity. A beggar may desire a diamond; but this desire, however great, will have no influence on the price. Writers have therefore given a more limited sense to demand; and have defined it, the wish to possess, combined with the power of purchasing. To distinguish demand in this technical sense from the demand which is synonymous with desire, they call the former *effectual* demand. [Readers who have read Pascal's Provincial Letters will be reminded by this of the casuistry as to effectual and proximate grace.] After this explanation, it is usually supposed that there remains no further difficulty, and that the value [*price*] depends upon the rates between the effectual demand, as thus defined, and the supply.

"These phrases, however, fail to satisfy anyone who requires clear ideas and a perfectly precise impression of them. Some confusion must always attach to a phrase so inappropriate as that of a ratio between two things not of the same denomination. What ratio can there be between a quantity and a desire, or even a desire combined with power? A ratio between demand and supply is only intelligible if by demand we mean the quantity demanded, and if the ratio intended is that between the quantity demanded and the quantity supplied. But again, the quantity demanded is not a fixed quantity, even at the same time and place; it varies according to the value [*price*]; if the thing is cheap, there is usually a demand for more of it than when it is dear. The demand, therefore, partly depends upon the value [*price*]. But it was before laid down that the value depends on the demand. From this contradiction how can we extricate ourselves? How solve the paradox of two things, each depending on the other?"

How indeed? I could not imagine that anyone who had read the "Wealth of Nations" should have so completely misunderstood the nature of the question which is here so apparently mystified in a cloud of words. A ratio can be established between abundance and scarcity, which are of the very essence of the question, whereas demand and supply is merely a *local* feature in a fall and rise of prices.*

* When the quantity is proportioned to the requirements of the market it is the *mean* or natural state. Then the just and natural value may be said to agree with the price.

The following classification may help the reader to a better understanding of this complex word in its various applications:—

(1.) GRATUITOUS VALUE.—Natural agents, utility of things in use, such as seaweed and shell-fish picked up on the sea-shore. Also, in an abstract sense, the value of friendship and friendly advice.

(2.) ONEROUS VALUE.—Labour bestowed on land and sea in production, and on adapting materials for the use of man; the labour and services of men in their distribution by sea and land, roads, rivers, and canals, and all other methods of exchange. Also all services of men to one another in the civil and moral government of society and protection of the State—literary and professional men, &c.

(3.) FANCY VALUE.—This is of an aesthetic kind, which is not governed or estimated by the laws of trade, and the price paid, although estimated in money, is not in any proportion to cost of production or the utility of the article. These are works of art, articles of vertu, things sought after for their rarity and beauty. The services of musicians, actors, showmen, and such like, who administer to our amusement.*

Although reluctant to interrupt my own argument, I must give one more specimen of the confusion and trifling which mark the treatment of this important subject by a professional writer who foisted himself into ephemeral fame by attacks on Scotch philosophy, and who passes as the greatest authority on the science of wealth and government of society. The authority cited by Stuart Mill is De Quincey, and from the highly imaginary example of the *law* of demand and supply, I am disposed to think De Quincey must have been under the influence of opium, for it does greater credit to his imagination than to his sagacity, and indicates the same amount of ignorance regarding the practical business of life as characterises the whole treatment of the law of value by Stuart Mill, who says.—

As was pointed out in the last chapter, the utility of a thing in the estimation of a purchaser is the extreme limit of its exchange value: higher the value cannot ascend; peculiar circumstances are required to raise it so high. This topic is happily

* It will be observed the landlord *qua* landlord can find no place in these categories.

illustrated by Mr De Quincey:—"Walk into almost any possible shop, buy the first article you see: What will determine its price? In the ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, simply the element D—difficulty of attainment. The other element U, or intrinsic utility, will be perfectly inoperative. Let the thing (measured by its uses) be, for your purposes, worth ten guineas, so that you would rather give ten guineas than lose it; yet, if the difficulty of producing it be only worth one guinea, one guinea is the price which it will bear. But still not the less, though U is inoperative, can U be supposed absent? By no possibility; for, if it had been absent, assuredly you would not have bought the article even at the lowest price. U acts upon you, though it does not act upon the price. On the other hand, in the hundredth case, we will suppose the circumstances reversed: you are on Lake Superior in a steamboat, making your way to an unsettled region, 800 miles ahead of civilisation, and consciously with no chance at all of purchasing any luxury whatsoever, little luxury or big luxury, for the space of ten years to come. One fellow-passenger, whom you will part with before sunset, has a powerful *musical snuff-box*. Knowing by experience the power of such a toy over your own feelings, the magic with which at times it lulls your agitation of mind, you are vehemently desirous to purchase it. In the hour of leaving London you had forgot to do so; here is a final chance. But the owner, aware of your situation not less than yourself, is determined to operate by a strain pushed to the very uttermost upon U, upon the intrinsic worth of the article in your individual estimate for your individual purposes. He will not hear of D as any controlling power or mitigating agency in the case; and, finally, although at six guineas a-piece in London or Paris you might have loaded a waggon with such boxes, you pay sixty rather than lose it, when the last knell of the clock has sounded, which summons you to buy now or to forfeit for ever. Here, as before, only one element is operative: before it was D, now it is U. But, after all, D was not absent, though inoperative. The inertness of D allowed U to put forth its total effect. The practical compression of D being withdrawn, U springs up, like water in a pump when released from the pressure of air. Yet still that D was present to your thoughts, though the price was otherwise regulated, is evident; both because U and D must co-exist in order to found any case of exchange value whatever, and because undeniably you take into very particular consideration this D, the extreme difficulty of attainment (which here is the greatest possible, viz., an impossibility) before you consent to have the price reached up to U. The special D has vanished; but it is replaced in your thoughts by an unlimited D. Undoubtedly you have submitted to U in extremity as the regulating force of the price; but it was under a sense of D's latent presence. Yet D is so far from exerting any positive force, that the retirement of D from all agency whatever on the price—this it is which creates, as it were, a perfect vacuum, and through that vacuum U rushes up to its highest and ultimate gradation." On this jargon Stuart Mill begins to comment thus:—"This case, in which the *value* is wholly regulated by the necessities or desires of the purchaser, is the case of strict and absolute monopoly."

If Stuart Mill had ever given signs of possessing any humour, or any sense of the ludicrous, one might suppose that he meant the above as a burlesque upon a subject which he regarded as too trivial for the serious consideration of a philosopher; but from his well-known character we can hardly suppose that to have been his object. We must therefore conclude, as indeed we

have already seen, that he was utterly unable to explain the phenomena of value on his utilitarian theories.

But let me briefly explain the action of demand and supply. It must be borne in mind that Adam Smith was contemplating the commerce of the world and elucidating its movements and laws from a fundamental proposition. Now, it must be clear to every one that, if that proposition is controverted or superseded, another system must take its place if it deserve the name of science; and, in speaking of political economy, it would be well to ask those who profess to have any belief in it, or attach importance to it, Which political economy—that of the Scotch Idealists, or that of the English Materialists? But to proceed. Now, we know that a great part of the capital of every country is invested in a stock of commodities, and Adam Smith always refers to this as capital stock; but *the school* have dropped the term, and we now hear of nothing but capital. We know, further, that the markets of the world, and even retail shops, are supplied with stock which is very often equal to six months' consumption or supply. The supply is therefore always in advance of the demand, but buyers, as we know, watch the abundance or scarcity in production with the keenest interest. For instance, let us take the Liverpool cotton market. The reports of the American Agricultural Bureau are looked for with greater interest than the Queen's speech. Every fluctuation in the arrivals at the American ports is carefully, what is called, discounted, and, at the same time, the arrivals and deliveries at Liverpool are daily and hourly reported; the brokers' ears are sharper than those of an eavesdropper, and their eyes than needles—a piercing look of intelligence darts from every corner, and scans the expression of every face in the Exchange. Bargains are going on and sales effected, the price oscillating by, what Adam Smith calls, the *higgling* of the market. Under these processes prices rise above and fall below the line of natural value, like (as I have already said) the perturbations of a planet in its orbit. This is the case with every market in the world. I, then, ask every reader if it requires the illustration of a musical snuff-box on Lake Superior to make him understand it?

Now, let me set before the reader the fundamental law laid down in the "Wealth of Nations," and the terms of the inquiry

which the great author set himself to investigate, and which, let it be observed, are expressed with that precision, simplicity, and clearness of thought which can hardly be surpassed :—

I. What is the real measure of this exchangeable value; or, wherein consists the real price of all commodities?

II. What are the different parts of which this real price is composed or made up?

III. And what are the different circumstances which sometimes raise some or all of these different parts of price above, and sometimes sink them below, their natural or ordinary rate; or, what are the causes which sometimes hinder the market price of commodities from coinciding exactly with what may be called their natural price?

In answer to this essential and primary proposition, as well as in order to illustrate and prove from the greatest authority the validity of my own observations, let me give a few extracts :—

“Labour, therefore, is the real measure of the exchangeable value of all commodities.”

“Labour alone, therefore, never varying in its own value, is alone the ultimate and real standard by which the value of all commodities can at all times and places be estimated and compared. It is their real price; money is their nominal price only.”

“Labour, therefore, it appears, evidently is the only universal, as well as the only accurate, measure of value, or the only standard by which we can compare the values of different commodities at all times and at all places.”

Now, need the reader wonder that the so-called political economy of the utilitarian school should have become unintelligible as a science of logical deductions.

But there is still another conception of the mind as to value, which carries it into the sphere of ethics designated in the Ethics of Aristotle, namely, Distributive Justice. He writes :—

It follows, therefore, that the just must imply four terms at least; for the persons to whom the just relates are two, and the things that are the subjects of the actions are two. And there will be the same equality between the persons and between the things; for as the things are to one another, so are the persons, for if the persons are unequal, they will not have equal things.

But hence all disputes arise when equal persons have unequal things, or unequal persons have, and have assigned to them, equal things. Again, this is clear from the expression “according to worth” (value), for, in the distribution, all agree that justice ought to be according to some standard of worth. . . . Justice is, therefore, something proportionate; for proportion is the property not of arithmetical numbers only, but of number universally; for proportion is an equality of ratio, and implies four terms at least. Now, it is clear that disjunctive proportion implies four terms; but continuous proportion is in four terms also, for it will use one term in place of two, and mention it twice. For instance, as A to B so is B to C; B has therefore been

mentioned twice. So that if B be put down twice, the terms of the proportion are four. Moreover, the just also implies four terms at least, the ratio is the same, for the persons and the things are similarly divided. Therefore, as the term A to the term B, so will be the term C to the term D; and therefore, alternately, as A to C so B to D. So that the whole also bears the same proportion to the whole which the distribution puts together in pairs; and if it puts them together in this way, it puts them together justly. The conjunction, therefore, of A and C and of B and D is the just in the distribution; and this just is a mean, that is, a mean between those things which are contrary to proportion; for the proportionate is a mean, and the just is proportionate.

As already said, some economists were engaged upon the idea of a general rise or a general fall in all values. Now, the idea is an absurd one, for, regarding value as a mean proportional, no change can take place in it until a change takes place in either of the extremes; and we find this to be the case in actual experience with regard to labour and money, the standard of value. If we apply the "continuous proportion," the formula would read thus: As the produce of labour is to value, so is value to money, which is also the produce of labour. It should, therefore, appear that value consists in labour, and that its rewards depend upon the amount of exertion and rewards from the products and bounties of nature.

Then, with regard to "disjunctive proportion," he says that there are two persons and two things, and as the two persons are unequal, they cannot have equal things. Each ought to have according to his worth or merit. In commerce, for instance, there are only two persons and two things: the employer and labourer, or employed; capital and labour; the rewards are profits and wages. We can, therefore, say according to the formula: As wages are to profits, so is the labourer to the employer; or, as labour is to capital, so is the labourer to the capitalist. I may safely leave it to the intelligent reader to work out by examples such practical applications of the proportionals, by alternating and compounding them, as his own experience may suggest to him.

To large employers of labour the practical working out of this formula might be very useful in obviating disputes and strikes, if they could first condescend or agree upon the proportion between labour and capital, wages and profit.

But it will be seen that, in a dual system of agriculture, there are three persons—the landlord, the farmer, and the labourer—

and only two things; land and labour. Therefore, the landlord, *as such*, cannot come within the equation of justice.

Having so far quoted the world-famed philosopher, it is most appropriate to these pages, and to my subject, that I should call attention to the *estimation* in which he held the Highlanders. In treating of the mean of virtue, he remarks with regard to bravery as follows:—

But those who are in the extreme of excess there are two kinds, one who is excessive in fearlessness, who is not named (and we have often stated that many of these extremes are not named); but he (if, as is said of the Celts, he fears nothing, neither earthquake nor waves) may be called mad or insensate.

Ah me! he fears the landlord and factors, but not the earthquakes and waves!

Guernsey.

MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

(*To be continued.*)

PROFESSOR BLACKIE AND THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCES.—

The following Letter to the Editor appeared in the *Scotsman* of February the 17th:—“9 Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, February 10, 1883.—Sir,—I have received letters from persons whose opinion I respect, complaining of my use of the term ‘infamous,’ in connection with the well-known evictions in Strathnaver which took place at the beginning of the present century. I am perfectly willing to recall that term, and to say that these clearances were ‘harsh and inhuman.’ That is all that I ever said in my printed work, and all that I cared to say about them. I may say, however, also, that, in my opinion, they were unwise and impolitic in the highest degree; and the only excuse for them is, that they were perpetrated under the operation of land laws which gave, and still give, to the lords of the soil and their agents and underlings, what in practice amounts to an absolute power over the native population of the glens. Those who wish to study in detail the sad history of Highland depopulations under the influence of unjust land laws, commercial greed, and administrative neglect, should read ‘The History of Highland Clearances,’ recently published by A. Mackenzie (of the *Celtic Magazine*), Inverness. I have been also requested to state where the passage from Sismondi occurs, quoted by me in my address at the crofters’ meeting. The passage runs thus:—‘If the lords of the soil in the Highlands once begin to think they have no need of the people, the people may take it into their head some day that they have no need of them,’ and will be found in the *Etudes sur l’Economie Politique*, par J. C. L. Sismonde de Sismondi, Paris, 1837, Vol. I. p. 238.—I am, &c.,

“JOHN STUART BLACKIE.”

HISTORY OF THE MATHESONS.—Mr Alexander Mackenzie has compiled a *History and Genealogy of the Mathesons* which gives a very full and interesting account of the fortunes of this important Highland family—more fortunate than some others which have played a part in our past history, in that its decayed fortunes have been superbly restored in the last and present generations. The book includes some valuable incidental information about the condition of the Highlands in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.—*Scotsman*, January 25th, 1883.

A RUN THROUGH CANADA AND THE STATES.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A., Scot.

IV.—FROM GLENGARRY TO TORONTO.

AMERICAN railway travelling has been frequently described. The cars have a platform and steps at each end, where also the doors are. A passage runs along the centre of the car from end to end, and by means of the platforms the traveller can stand in the open air as he journeys, and see the country through which he passes, in a manner and to an extent which would be impossible in our trains, or he can pass from car to car through the whole train, changing his company, or enjoying a quiet weed just when it suits him.

When I left Lancaster I intended to follow the Grand Trunk Line as far as Prescott, a distance of about sixty miles, and there take the St Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion. I had been informed, however, before leaving Lancaster that the Canadian Pacific Company were working the line from Prescott to the Capital, and that only freight trains were being run over it, and that to get from the Grand Trunk System to Ottawa I should have to go on to Brockville, about thirteen miles beyond Prescott, and there join the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Grand Trunk officials at Lancaster could not or would not give me any information, but referred me to the conductor of the train I was to travel by. Depending upon getting information from this official I had my baggage checked for Prescott from Lancaster. I took the earliest opportunity of interviewing the conductor of the train, but, with many expressions of regret, he declared his inability to give me any information about the line from Prescott. By this time, the weather which had been threatening all the morning declared itself, and the rain came down in torrents. At times it became so heavy as to appear almost like a solid body of water. The prospect of being left at a wayside station on such a day to wait an hour or two for the departure of a train that might possibly not depart at all

was by no means inviting, and I accordingly decided to go right on to Toronto, and leave Ottawa until my return from the West. The difficulty, however, was my baggage. It was checked to Prescott, and unless I looked very sharply after it, it would be landed there and left behind. This was a difficulty I did not attach much importance to, but the baggage-man apparently saw difficulties which I did not, and after first declaring "it could not be done," got rid of me at last by promising to see what could be done when we got to Prescott. This suited me well enough, and when we got to Prescott I was in front of the baggage waggon almost before the train stopped, and by a judicious use of the influences at my disposal, which, although limited, were powerful, the difficulties were overcome, and my baggage re-checked to Toronto.

I had now a journey of over 220 miles before me, with over nine hours to do it in, and I sat down to wait for the inquisitive American so familiar to readers on this side the Atlantic, and so unfamiliar to travellers on the other side—the gentleman who, without introduction, comes up to you on a railway car, and, having settled himself comfortably on the opposite seat and expectorated a mouthful of tobacco-juice over your boots, begins, "Waal, stranger, I guess you're a Britisher! What dew you think of this great country?" and then proceeds to examine you in detail as to your age, parentage, business, and destination. I was simple enough to believe that, if I managed to look innocent and unoccupied, the typical Yankee of the books would develop himself. I tried to look innocent with what success I cannot say, and I certainly was unoccupied, but the fish would not bite, or the sort of Yank I wanted was not about. So I thought at the time. *Now*, after travelling over about six thousand miles of American soil without meeting a single specimen, or seeing any person who had met one, I am inclined to think the species is extinct, if, indeed, it ever existed.

It soon became evident that unless I managed to open a conversation with some person myself I would be left to pursue my journey in silence. This was not at all what I had bargained for, as I had calculated on obtaining a good deal of information from my fellow-travellers while moving from one place to another. True, in making this calculation I had counted on the assistance

of the "inquisitive American" to open the conversation, when, being fairly proficient in asking questions, I meant to turn the tables on him and find out what he knew. But now the American failing me, I had to depend entirely on my own resources. I began to move about from seat to seat and car to car looking and listening for a sign or sound which might indicate where a paying vein of conversation might be struck. By-and-bye, in the last car but one of the train I came on two gentlemen, both apparently men of education, discussing politics. I sat down on the seat opposite them, which happened to be vacant, and as the conversation was carried on in tones loud enough to be audible further away than I was, I had no occasion to disguise the fact that I was listening to what was said. I was not long a mere listener, however. After a short time one of the speakers left the train, and I resolved, if possible, to engage the remaining one in conversation. He was a man of apparently between forty and fifty years of age, of middle size, and with a shrewd but withal a kindly face. A conversation was soon started, and mutual explanations brought out the fact that we were to be travelling companions for several hours, and that my newly-made friend was a Mr Fraser, a dry-goods merchant in Picton, Ontario. Mr Fraser is a Canadian born, but he told me he believed his father came from Scotland, but from what part he did not know. On mentioning Mr Fraser's name afterwards to Mr Hugh Miller, of Toronto, that gentleman stated that he believed Mr Fraser's father had come from about Strathpeffer. Picton, where Mr Fraser is located, is a town situated on the Bay of Quinte, and the business in which that gentleman is interested is one of the largest in the place. From Picton, as from other parts of Ontario, there has been a considerable movement westwards of late years. Young men of energy and ability, after a few years' experience behind the counter, fired with a desire to better their position, go westward to Manitoba, or the North-West Territory, and some of them to British Columbia, and there with their slender capital begin in a small way in a new settlement, grow with the place, and in a few years become men of comparatively large means. There have been so many instances of success of this kind that, according to my informant, Ontario is being constantly depleted of its store assist-

ants or clerks, and there is consequently always room for new men. In his own business he told me boys received usually 200 dollars a-year to begin with, and after four or five years service they received 400 a-year, rising afterwards as they increased in experience and usefulness, to 500 and 600 dollars a year. These wages are not particularly high, but they compare favourably with the wages of the same class in this country, in towns of similar size to Picton, which has only about 3000 inhabitants. I did not ascertain what the cost of living, to a man earning these wages, would be, but I learned that experienced milliners were paid as high as 400 dollars a year, and that sewing girls, who might be described as learners, were paid at the rate of four dollars a week, while they could live comfortably on two and a-half dollars. The cost of a single man's board and lodging would, of course, be very much the same, so that in both cases there is a fair margin for saving, even when allowance is made for the increased cost of clothing and other necessities, over the cost of corresponding articles on this side. Domestic servants are paid eight, ten, and twelve dollars per month—sometimes, but rarely, as low as six dollars—with a constant demand for them. Saving habits seem to be the rule with all classes, although there are many exceptions. Every store clerk aspires to have a store of his own, and most farm labourers aspire to be farmers, but generally when the clerk desires to open a store he moves to a new locality, and a farm servant becoming a farmer has often to do likewise. Of farm servants who have become large and wealthy farmers the number is legion, and of clerks who have become wealthy merchants the number is also large. One instance among many of the latter kind mentioned to me was that of a young man who, after a few years' experience behind the counter, left Picton nine years ago with a few hundred dollars he had saved of his earnings. He settled in a western village which has now become a town, and at the time my informant spoke he had amassed a fortune of 50,000 dollars, and was making from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a-year. Shrewdness in selecting a locality to settle in counts for a good deal, and luck counts for more. Given these two, men of average ability and industry rapidly amass a competency, and this is especially true of settlers in the new North-West.

Canadian politics are, I believe, as little known by the generality of my countrymen as they were by me when I first set foot on Canadian soil. But politics bulk much more largely in the mind of the average Canadian than they do with the average Scotsman. We are politicians at election time; they are politicians all the time. You can rarely converse with a Canadian for a quarter of an hour, however carefully you may wish to avoid politics, without finding out to which of the political parties in the Dominion he is attached. So with my friend from Picton. He was talking politics when I first saw him, and, although the subject with which we had started led away from politics for a time, we soon returned to them. In fact, the cause of the present material prosperity of Canada is made a political question. I could not have done better than follow my friend into politics. A traveller in Canada hears and reads many things which he cannot understand unless he understands the politics of the country; and during my whole tour I did not meet any person who spoke more intelligently on the principles of the two political parties than this unpretentious dry-goods merchant. The two parties are generally known as Liberals and Conservatives, but the Conservatives prefer the name "Liberal-Conservative," while they call their opponents "Grits," and sometimes the "Grit-Rouge Party." The Conservative Leader is the present Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald, while the Liberals were, until lately, led by the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the late Prime Minister. Mr Mackenzie recently resigned the leadership of the party on account of ill-health; but he is still regarded all through the Dominion as the real head of the party whose policy is his, and there can be little doubt that should the Liberals again succeed to power during Mr Mackenzie's lifetime, the man whose sterling native integrity a long political life has failed to touch, and whose praise is in the mouth of every Canadian, political foe as well as friend, (for he has no personal foe), will become again the nominal as well as the real leader and head of the party.

The two questions which occupy the most prominent part in the Canadian political mind at present are the Land Question and the so-called National Policy of the present Government; but there is this difference between the two, that while the latter

interests the whole of Canada more or less from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, the former, for the present, interests chiefly the actual or intending Western settler. My travelling companion did not apparently interest himself very much in the squatter question, or in the policy which guided the Government in its land grants, but he took a very decided and intelligent interest in the question of Protection, the "National Policy" of Sir John A. Macdonald. A Liberal on every other question, he was a Tory and Protectionist on this. For the Leader of the Liberal party (Mr Mackenzie), he expressed the highest admiration, and said that he had been a strong supporter of himself and his party until the question of protecting native industries became a test question in politics. When this occurred he fought with the party against whom he had previously acted, and he apparently was satisfied that in doing so he had done well. It is almost impossible for a person trained in the traditions of Free Trade, as nearly every person in this country is, to accept right-off the statement of any person in any country, that Protection, under certain circumstances, or under any circumstances, is a good thing, and I therefore readily entered the lists in support of *our* National Policy as against the policy bearing the same name in Canada. My object, however, was to obtain information, and I took care to do little more than lead my opponent on in defence of the Canadian system. The present Government in Canada went into office several years ago, pledged to a Protectionist policy, and, after remaining in office some five years, they went to the country again on the same issue, and were again returned to power, so that there can be no doubt what the Canadian mind is on the subject. Whether the Canadian is right or wrong, time only will show; but there is no doubt that at present the country is more prosperous than it was before the present policy was inaugurated. The people are earning more money, and are therefore more contented; the Revenue flourishes, and trade flourishes with it; and while things continue to wear their present rosy hue, no amount of argument, based on abstract theories of political economy, will convince the Canadian that Protection ought to be abandoned for even such a moderate measure of Free Trade as he enjoyed before the advent of Sir John Macdonald's party to power. The examples given by my informant of individual and collective progress under the present

system seemed to satisfy him, if it did not satisfy me, that Protection had saved Canada. It was to be expected that, under a system of Protection, particular individuals interested in protected industries should benefit, but it has usually been contended that they profited at the expense of the consumer, and that the masses suffered that the individual might grow rich. In Canada my friend averred this experience had not been realised. Until the system of Protection was inaugurated, the manufacturer carried on his business at a loss, and the labourer was unable to earn enough to purchase what he required of the commodities which Free Trade enabled him to buy more cheaply than they can be purchased now. A few years ago about 2000 unemployed and starving men robbed the bread carts in Montreal. Last summer the same men, unskilled labourers most if not all of them, not content with the wages they were receiving (25 cents per hour), struck work for 30 cents, or 1s. 3d. per hour. In other departments of labour the result is the same. Work has become abundant, and wages high. While this change has taken place in the earnings of the labourer, my informant averred there had been no material change in the cost of living. Under the old system he maintained that, although certain necessities might be cheaper than they are at present, the labouring classes were so poor, in consequence of the frequent want of employment, that they were unable to purchase them, while now their increased wages enable them, not only to pay the increased price of necessities, but to indulge in certain luxuries, and yet save money. Whether all this prosperity is to be attributed to Protection, as against Free Trade, I cannot say. Even in our country of Free Trade, we know something of the fluctuations of commerce. A series of bad years is followed by a series of good ones, and *vice versa*, and if, at the beginning of the new cycle, a change of commercial policy took place, it might get the credit or discredit of a result for which it was not in any way responsible. Whether this has been the case in Canada or not, I do not venture to say. The Canadians are satisfied with their present prosperity, and so long as they are satisfied, no outsider need criticise their system.

K. M'D.

(To be continued.)

ORAN NA H-OIGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I send you a copy of "Oran na h-oige," an unpublished song by John MacCodrum, the Uist Bard. I give it as I took it down from the recitation of Donald Laing, residing at Howmore, in South Uist, a man who was possessed of great stores of Gaelic poetry, both published and unpublished, but was some years ago gathered to his fathers. The accompanying poem seems to have suffered to some extent in the course of oral tradition. Verse 2 contains two lines taken out of Alexander Macdonald's "Oran a Gheamhraidh." Borrowing is difficult to impute to so original a bard as MacCodrum himself, and must have been inserted to supply lines which dropped out of the reciter's memory. Verses 7 and 10 do not convey the poet's meaning with his usual clearness, and must to some extent have suffered also since receiving their original form. The word *deaghad* in verse 7 is in use in Uist, and signifies mode of living, but seems to be a corruption of the English word *diet*. The poem on the whole is well worthy of preservation.—Yours, &c.,

A. M'D.

ORAN NA H-OIGE.

An toiseach nam bhliadhnaichean ur,
Deireadh gheamhraidhean udlaidh nam fras,
'Nuair is anmoiche, dh'eireas a ghrian,
'S is lionmhoire shleas an sneachd,
Bi'dh gach leanabh, gach naoidhean bochd maoth,
A' gabhail gu saothair 's gu cnead,
Aig geirid an fhaileidh 's an fhuachd,
Nach fiodar an gluasad bho nead.

'N toiseach earraich bi'dh gearran fliuch garbh
Chuireas caluinn gach ainmhidh air ais,
"Thig tein' adhair, thig torunn 'na dheigh,
Thig gaillionn, thig eireadh, nach lag."
Bi'dh gach leanabh, gach naoidhean bochd maoth,
Nach urrainn doibh innse 'de staid.
Gun eirbheirt, gun asdar, gun luth,
Gus an teirig an dubhlachd air fad.

Am mart tioram ri todhar nan crann,
A' sughadh gach allt 'us gach eas;
Gach luibh 'bhios an garadh no 'n coill,
Gun snodhach, gun duilleach, gun mheas.

Bi'dh turadh fuar, fionnar, gun bhlas,
A crubadh gach ail a thig ris;
Bi'dh gach creutair 'n robh aiceid o'n Mhàrt
Tigh'n'n air eiginn o'n bhas, no dol leis.

Mios grianach, ur, fheurach, an aigh,
'M bi gach luibh a' cur blath os a ceann,
Nach boidheach bhi 'g arach gach luis,
Ur, alluinn, fo ghucnig, 's fo dhriuchd!
Bi gach deoiridh 'n robh aiceid o'n Mhàrt
Fas gu buadhach, snuadhmhor, glan, ur,
Le eirbheirt, le coiseach, 's le cainnt,
'N deigh gach bochdainn 's gach sgraing chur air chul.

Baile Bhealltuinn nan cuinneag 's nan stòp,
Nam measraichean mora lom-lan,
Trom torrach, le uibhean 's le coin,
Le bainne, le feoil, 's le gruth bàn.
Fasaidd gillean cho mear ris na feidh,
Ri mire, ri leum, 'us ri snamh,
Iad gun lethtrom, gun airtneul, gun sgios,
Sior ghreasad gu ire 's gu fas.

Mios dubharrach, bruthainneach, blath,
Bheir sineadh 'us fas air a' ghart:
Fasaidd gillean an iongantas mòr
Le iomadaidh bosd agus beairt.
Iad gun stamhnadh, gun mhunadh 'nan ceill,
Cuid de 'n nadur cho fiadhaich ri each,
'N duil nach 'eil e 's nach robh e fo'n ghrein,
Ni chuireas riu fein aig meud neart.

'N tusa 'n duine 'm bheil iomadaidh bosd,
C'uim' nach amhaire thu foil air gach taobh?
A bhi beairteach seach iomadaidh neach,
No bhi taitneach mu choinneamh nan stùl?
'N tigh creadha so 'm bheil thu 'n ad thamh,
Cheis chneadhaig, ni cnamh anns an uir,
Ma 's droch dheaghad a bh' agad 'san fheoil,
Thig fhathasd ort dòruinn 'ga chionn.

Cia mar dh'eireas do 'n choluinn 'n robh 'm bosd,
'Nuair a theid i 'sa' bhord chiste dhluth?
Cia mar dh'eireas do 'n teanga 'n robh cheilg,
No do 'n chridhe bha deilbh a mhi-run?
No do dh'uinneagan buairidh nam miann,
Dh'fhag bruaillan a'd' inntinn o thus:
'S grannda 'n sloc anns an robh iad a'd' cheann,
'N deigh a stopadh le poll 'us le uir.

'N deigh a stopadh le poll 'us le uir
 Anns a' chlosaich gun diubh is beag toirt,
 'S am beagan a thug thu leat sios,
 Bheirear buileach e dhìot anns an t-sloc;
 Cia 'n aghaidh bu mhaisiche fiamh?
 Cia do shuilean, cia t-fhiacian, cia t-fhalt?
 Cia na meoirean an glacaibh nan lamh,
 'Bha cur seachad gach spairn a rug ort?

'Nuair a dh'fhalbhas an samhradh ciuin blath,
 Theid gach uamhar 's gach ardan air chul,
 Bi'dh cuimh-itheann 'gar 'n ithe 's gur searg
 Ris an abair iad farmad 'us tnu;
 'Nuair nach foghainn 'na dh'fhoghnadh de'n bhiadh,
 'S nach foghainn 'na lionas a bhru,
 Cha robh bheairteas aig Solamh 's aig Iob
 'Na' thoilicheadh comhla do shuil.

Gur e 'n gaisgeach nach gealtach am bàs,
 Leis an coingeis an saobhair no 'm bochd,
 'Nuair a thilgeas e 'n gath nach teid iomrall
 Cho cuimseach ri urchair a mhoisg.
 Cha 'n amhairc e dh'ìnbhe no dh'uaisl',
 Ach gach ardan 's gach uamhar 'na 'thosd,
 'S ni cinnteach 'shìol Adhamh o thus,
 Bàs nadurr' 'us cunntas 'na chois.

MILITARY ARDOUR OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

GREENOCK, 10th February 1883.

SIR,—In the *Celtic Magazine* of this month, I find Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, in his address at the Gaelic Society annual meeting, remarking—"We have constant reference to the military ardour of the Highlanders, in the latter half of the last century, as shown in the great number of regiments then raised here. There is no question regarding the number of regiments that were raised, nor is there any as to the excellence of the material of which they were composed. The Highland regiments have always been remarkable for their valour and their good behaviour, and have distinguished themselves whenever brought into action under fit commanders. But was there really a great deal of military ardour in the Highlands during the last century? We are quite in the dark so far as printed records are concerned, as to whether when these regiments were first raised, the rank and file flocked of their own free will to the standard, or whether they were pressed into the service by chiefs and lairds, who wanted commissions for their sons. The time is not so distant but that ample traditional information on the subject should be procurable."

This is a very pertinent suggestion for a Celtic society to consider, and on which some light is very desirable. In our day the military ardour of the Highlanders, and their good fighting qualities in the past, seem, with many, to be their chief claim for

MILITARY ARDOUR OF HIGHLANDERS. 239

consideration, and a stranger that does not know their thoughts and habits would be ready to conclude that Scottish Highlanders as a race are so constituted that they take a special delight in fighting without much cause, and are ready to say with Burns:—

“ Bring a Scotchman frae the hills,
Clap in his cheek a Hieland gill ;
Say such is royal Geordie’s will,
And there the foe,
He has nae thocht, but how to kill
Twa at a blow.”

Such language is only a perversion of the facts, for the native Highlanders were, and are, much attached to their hearths and homes, however humble ; and it required a great pressure to make them become knights-errant to fight the miserable wars of the Georges.

Sir Kenneth says we have no printed records bearing on this subject. Very true. Of this subject we have no such records as we have of the villanies of the press-gang in our sea-ports about that time ; still we know enough of the evil deeds of some of the lairds to make our blood yet boil.

I shall relate some of the hardships endured in a parish in the district of Cowal, which, I presume, was not an exception to other parts of the Highlands. An influential laird in this parish had a large family of sons, to whom the Government offered inducements of posts in the army if they would recruit so many men. These young scions, with their retainers, went round the country and seized upon all passable men, whether single or married. My grandfather, a married man, and a tailor to trade, was plying his calling, with a fellow-tradesman, in one of the farm-houses at the head of the parish, and before they were aware, the laird’s sons and their retainers got scent of their being there, and surrounded the house. My grandfather was caught, yet so determined was he to be free, that he slipped out of the house, made a rush into a near brook and took up a stone with which he broke his leg ; but the other tailor being a powerful man, made a dash, got clear of his captors, left the country, and never returned. This incident is told in Mr J. F. Campbell’s *Tales*, in a foot-note to the story of “ Conal Gulban.”

My grandfather being now disabled, was allowed to go home the best way he could, but his troubles did not end there. In about ten years he was seized by the press-gang in Greenock, and was put on board a man-of-war, which was sent to the west of Ireland, where he remained for six months, when a humane officer from Argyllshire, on board, learned of his circumstances, interceded on his behalf, and got him released. Another man in the same parish escaped from the recruiters into a cave, where his wife supplied him with food at night. One stormy evening, as he came to the mouth of the cave, he saw a clump of heather moving above him, which he mistook for his pursuers. In order to escape he made a desperate bound over a rock, which dislocated his shoulder, and then ventured home. Many others fled from their pursuers to the North Country herring fishing, in some cases without anything but their body clothing.

No doubt the lairds managed to entrap many brave fellows in that district, which helped to make the original Highland regiments famous. But it was neither their military ardour nor any sympathy they had for the extremities of the Government that made them become soldiers, but the misfortune of being kidnapped, and forced into a foreign service.

A. B.

HIGHLAND SUFFERINGS; HIGHLAND WRONGS.

"The Highlanders required to unite and assert themselves in an age of change and dissolution. . . . They had made the empire familiar with . . . HIGHLAND WRONGS AND HIGHLAND SUFFERINGS."—*Speech of Mr Barron at Inverness Gaelic Society's Meeting.*

"*Highland sufferings! Highland wrongs!*"

Theme of sorrow's tales and songs;
 What are these? O! speaker tell,
 Thou who know'st the Highlands well;
 Dost thou blush for Highland fame
 At the deeds thou durst not name?
 Art thou fearful lest the story
 Should confound each Whig and Tory,
 And deprive thee of the smile
 Which can only weaklings wile?
 Hast thou not a Highland heart,
 Or the sympathetic part
 To denounce or to expose
 Wrongs which are thy country's woes?
 What is nobler in a man
 Than in doing all he can
 By his voice and by his pen
 For his suffering countrymen?
 Suffering! and for what? or why?
 Answer me with truth's reply;
 Answer me! as one of those
 Now enduring Highland woes;
 Answer me! if thou hast felt
 Wrongs that would a hard heart melt;
 Answer me! if thou hast borne
 Aught of others' hate and scorn;
 Answer me! if thou hast been
 Where Eviction's deeds were seen;
 Answer me! if thou hast known
 Sorrows by another sown.
 O! that thou should'st fear to speak,
 O! that thou should'st be so weak,
 Thou whose intellectual might
 Shines with no uncertain light;
 Unto every man belongs
 Liberty to battle wrongs,
 And canst thou be silent when
 Sufferings blight thy fellow-men?

Say, would'st thou a wrong suppress
 When it brings unhappiness?
 Would'st thou not all evils curb
 When they social peace disturb?
 Would'st thou not do deeds of good
 For a stricken neighbourhood?
 If thou fear'st to do thy duty,
 Where is Life's divinest beauty?
Highland sufferings! Highland wrongs!
 Sound them far with thunder's gongs;
 From the wave-washed Hebrides!
 From the isles in Highland seas!
 From the shielings in each glen!
 From ten thousand suffering men!
 Hark! the cry of wakening might,
 "Help us in our war of right!"
 Ye whose hearts to justice lean,
 Ye who know what sufferings mean,
 Ye who pity can bestow,
 Ye who feel love's purest glow,
 Ye who would for Scotland's fame
 Sweep away her blots of shame—
 Give reply! a million-tongued,
 "Scotland shall not see ye wronged!"

Sunderland.

WM. ALLAN.

THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES.—Nothing could be more opportune than the appearance at the present moment of "A History of the Highland Clearances," by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot., the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*. Into the 528 pages of which the book is composed he has gathered all the most significant literature of the entire subject, beginning with that remarkable record, Donald Macleod's "Gloomy Memories of the Highlands," which has been out of print for many a year. . . . Macleod's narrative, which bears the stamp of truth on every line, is one calculated to stir righteous indignation in every heart; and its reproduction cannot fail to-day to be productive of important practical results. It is followed by a series of admirably arranged opinions on the Sutherland Clearances by writers of authority. . . . To these succeed accounts of evictions in other parts of the Highlands; and the closing section of the work is devoted to a detailed report of all the recent proceedings in the Isle of Skye, and a valuable appendix giving the population returns of each of the Highland counties from 1801 down to the latest census. Mr Mackenzie, it will be perceived, has produced a volume that ought to be in the hands of every member of the Legislature, and which is simply indispensable to all who would rightly understand the problem now awaiting solution. When we turn from this book to the current proceedings in Parliament, it is with a feeling of impatience that we find the spirit of cold and haughty legal pedantry still predominant in official quarters. But Mr Mackenzie will have the satisfaction, we believe, of seeing his volume produce a result that must give him infinitely more pleasure than any praise such as might fairly be bestowed upon it for its literary merits. Himself the son of a crofter, he has rendered a service to that class which will secure for his name an enduring place in the annals of Scottish patriotism.—"*Literary Notes*" in the *Daily Mail* of 19th February.

"THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS," and several other contributions, are unavoidably held over,

Literature.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DUNCAN, SCOTCH WEAVER AND BOTANIST.

By WILLIAM JOLLY, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1883.

It is Sydney Smith, we think, who points the lesson to be derived from the story of the Deluge. At a certain period in the history of the world, he wittily relates, mankind was peculiarly favoured: the average duration of human life was something like a thousand years. But the Flood came. The human race was destroyed, with the exception of Noah and his three sons. After the Flood the average duration of the lives of men was cut down from a thousand years to three score and ten. What is the lesson? Prior to the Flood, men could afford to lounge over a pamphlet for ten years; subsequent to the Flood, men, whether in the act of reading or in that of hearing, were compelled to carefully consider time. The world of to-day is a different world from that of the time of Noah. Writers of to-day, therefore, as well as speakers, ought to take to heart the warning—Gaze at Noah, and be brief!

Mr Jolly's book is unnecessarily long: the writer has forgot the fact that human beings have not now the time at their disposal which they seem to have had prior to the Deluge. In every other respect, however, the work of our friend is one which will command a place in English literature. It is one which will ever maintain a high position in that path of literature which the writings of Mr Smiles have rendered peculiarly attractive. Mr Jolly's book, like the best of the books of Mr Smiles, is the narrative of merit in obscurity, of genuine work performed under unspeakable conditions of hardship and poverty, of sturdy manhood and independence in circumstances the most antagonistic that can be conceived to the cultivation of the higher aspirations of human nature. John Duncan is a man who, as a botanist, scientific men must in all time admire, and whose achievements in other parts of knowledge, will, taking into account the environment, be regarded only with feelings of wonder and appreciation. But for Mr Jolly's love of genuine worth, and his deeply seated and universally acknowledged love of truth, the poor Alford weaver would to-day have been unknown. We should have lost a story of victory in poverty, and sustained individuality under circumstances of the most distressing nature. Duncan was a man whose companion, from the cradle to the grave, was Want. And yet he was a man whose achievements in botanical science are not unworthy of members of the Royal Society. The man who had framed a "watch-dial" for himself forty years before such a thing was brought forward to the world, with exultation and certainty of profit as a great invention, and who had formed a botanical collection which was to become a treasure in the University of Aberdeen, was something more than an ordinary man. And yet how poor and how obscure!—

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

John Duncan was born in Stonehaven in 1794, and he died in 1881. Not having been born in wedlock, the world can never know anything of those who went before him. All that we know of the boyhood of the botanist are circumstances the most unfavourable that can be conceived to mental development. His earlier years of

approaching manhood were spent as a herd boy, and as an ill-used weaver's apprentice in Drumlithie. He was sixteen years of age when he began, under the tuition of kindly women as poor as he, to learn the alphabet; and Mr Jolly tells how that "we have no evidence of his learning to write till almost twenty years after he came to Drumlithie in 1828, when we find him in his thirty-fourth year, laboriously working at a copy-book!" But once on the road to knowledge, John Duncan never flagged till he reached the limit of possibility. We find him ever on the move as a humble weaver from one place to another in Aberdeenshire, till he settles in Alford. In a worldly aspect he grows poorer. For an unfortunate marriage, a second courtship, and that revolution in the simple trade of the weaver which was brought about by the introduction of steam and advanced machinery, kept him ever on the verge of poverty. And yet with every move from place to place the mind of this remarkable man grows, and continually his store of knowledge becomes enlarged. We read of the raw youth who began to learn to read at sixteen, and who began to learn to write at thirty-four, becoming soon a student of astrology, a critic of Culpepper, an astronomer with powers of observation of no mean order, a politician well acquainted with many of the fundamental principles of good government, a leading member of advanced debating societies, a reader of essays on astronomy, the history of weaving, an advocate of the teaching of natural history to children; and, lastly, but in every sense the most important, a botanist whose success in this department of science, and whose enthusiastic love of study are worthy of universal admiration. The great result of his life labour is the splendid botanical collection which is now the property, as a gift by John Duncan, of the University of Aberdeen. It consists of—

1. A general collection of about 500 species, arranged according to the twenty-four classes of Linnæus, including ferns, in various books.
2. A book containing an almost complete collection of species, about 150, representing the flora of the Vale of Alford, many being rare.
3. A book of about 50 specimens of the grasses of the Alford district.
4. A book of about 50 specimens of the cryptogamic plants of the same district, chiefly mosses and lichens.

The whole world knows the story of the last days of the Aberdeenshire weaver—how that Mr Jolly discovered him while he was in want and obscurity, and how that he, out of the fullness of his heart and love of science, endeavoured to befriend him. But the world does not know all. In 1873 (we write it with pain), so low were his circumstances, that the old man (now 79 years old) "took to bed sick with melancholy heart-ache," for the first time in his life losing hope amidst the gathering blackness. Want pressed upon him, and he was compelled to go to the Inspector of Poor.—

"That officer took note in his books, which bear that 'his average earnings were only about two shillings a week; he was failing in strength, and his trade was almost gone.' He then received five shillings, and at the first meeting of the Board, on the 17th of November 1874, he was formally admitted on the roll of paupers, at an allowance of three shillings weekly; and one of the usual pauper's cards for entering the sums received, inscribed with his name and number, lies before me. That badge was the consummation of his shame, as it felt to him, and seemed to stamp him with the brand of Cain, which all men might read."

To Mr Jolly is due the honour—and an honour of no mean magnitude it is—of raising this good man from that position to the condition in which he died. In the last years of his life John Duncan received donations for his homely comfort from every corner of the kingdom. The Queen on the throne sent him a ten-pound note, and had he lived, the Queen would have visited him in his humble cot last year. He died amid companions that had been the most foreign to his career—comfort and honour.

We have room for only three quotations. The first is a picture of rural comfort, which, before the march of "scientific" farmers (a phrase which now-a-days means decreased rent-rolls and depopulation) has completely disappeared.—

"Every householder had his workshop attached to his house. He rented, moreover, a large garden and a considerable croft of land of from two to four acres, and kept a cow. At early morn every day, as certainly as the sun rose, the blast of the horn of the common village cowherd resounded over the vale; when from every gate a cow joined the general herd, which was led by him to the wide common in the hollow, below the town to the north, now under cultivation. The same merry sound was heard in the evening, when he returned with his lowing charge, and every animal went of her own accord to her own byre, bearing rich treasures for the pail. The public cowherd, generally an elderly weather-beaten man, was known throughout Scotland by the title of 'Tootie,' from his tooting or winding his horn—a name still attached to places such as 'Tootie's Nook,' a street corner where he used to assemble his cattle in an ancient town in Angus, where the writer was born."

Our second quotation illustrates the remarkable love of science which the subject of this book possessed. At the age of 84 he set out on a twelve miles' walk to find a certain plant. What enthusiasm!—

"When he got well up the hill, a dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and heavy rain descended upon him and speedily drenched him to the skin. Still he held on, searching over all the spots where he had found it before. But all in vain: the shy favourite was nowhere to be seen, and he had reluctantly and with a heavy heart to retrace his steps homewards, defeated—a rare sensation with John in such explorations—and he felt the disappointment to the very core. Yet, with all the strenuous eagerness of youth in an aged body, he could not thus lose the day, and recalling that another rare plant used to grow on the south side of the hill, he determined to go in search of it. The midnight shades were now descending amidst the pouring rain; but it was midsummer, and darkness would be short. So he climbed the eastern shoulder of the hill to the source of the Culhay Burn, for the plant grew somewhere along its bed. This stream flows there between steep banks covered with brushwood in places, and the old man had to grope his way down its channel in search of the prize he sought. But as this dirty work would have soiled his old blue coat, he took it off in the drenching pelt, and in his shirt-sleeves, clambered down the burn and along a neighbouring dike till he found it!"

The third quotation shows very clearly how contemptible is the social life in the towns or cities of to-day. When John Duncan, full of honour, was in Aberdeen city only a few years since, he was asked to visit houses of consideration. But—

"Latterly, John's old-world attire and unconventional ways rather disturbed the ladies in the households of the friends he used to visit, as violating the proprieties of city life, to which the sex are so ardently devoted, and the want of which they find it difficult to condone, when they are not strong and pronounced enough to shake off the bondage in special circumstances, as in John's case. Of 'the proper,' one of the first articles in the female creed—standing even before 'the right,' shall we say?—the ancient weaver had not the dimmest glimpse even in the city, and it certainly was not a little trying to feminine nerves to receive so *outré* a visitor, whose appearance could not fail to draw the public eye in a way far from soothing to feminine notions regulated by the social demands of 'the genteel.' On occasions—but these were few—the petty annoyances thus created found expression in remonstrance, which was in the old man's eyes certainly unexpected, if not a good deal painful, and which he was not slow to mention to his male friends with indignant surprise and rebellion when it occurred."

As we stated at the outset, Mr Jolly's book is capable, to a very considerable extent, of condensation. With this reservation, we must say that he has accomplished a work which will long stand out as an example of his broad and generous sympathies, his true scientific culture, and his warm-hearted appreciation of faithful work, and noble achievements.